RED BADGE OF COURAGE.

An Episode of the American Civil War.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

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HE cold passe reluctantly from the earth and the retiring fogs revealed an army stretched out on the hills resting. As the landscape changed from brown to green the army awakened and began to tremble with engerness at the noise of rumors.

It cast its eyes upon the roads which were growing from long troughs of liquid mud to proper thoroughfares. A river, ambertinted in the shadow of its banks, purled at the army's feet, and at night, when the stream had become of a sorrowful blackness, one could see across it the red, eye-like gleams of hostile campfires set in the low brows of distant hills. Once a certain tall soldier developed

virtues and went recolutely to wash a shirt. He came flying back from the brook waving his garment, banner-like. He had heard a tale. "We're going to move to-morrow-

sure," he said, promptly, to a group in "We're going the company street. way up the river, cut across and come around in behind them."

To his attentive audience he drew a loud and elaborate plan of a very brilliant campaign. When he had finished the blue-clothed men scattered into small, arguing groups between the rows of squat brown huts. Smoke drifted lazily from a multitude of quaint chimneys.

"It's a thundering die!" said a loud young private. "I don't believe the derned old army's ever going to move. We're sot. I've got ready to move eight times in the last two weeks, and we ain't moved yet."

The tall soldier felt called upon to defend the truth of a rumor he himself had introduced. He and the loud one came near to fighting over it.

Many of the men engaged in the spirited debate. One outlined in a peculiarly lucid manner all the plans of the commanding general. He was opposed by men who contended that there were other plans of campaign. They clamored at each other, numbers making futile bids for the popular at-

There was a youthful private who listened with eager ears to the words of the excited soldier and to the varied comments of his comrades. After receiving a fill of discussions concerning marches and attacks, he went to his hut and crawled through an intricate hole that served it as a door. He wished to be alone with some new thoughts that had lately come to him.

He lay down on a wide bunk that stretched across the side of the room. In the other end cracker boxes were made to serve as furniture. They were grouped about the fireplace. Equipments hung on handy projections. The smoke of the fire at times neglected the clay chimney and wreathed into the room. And, too, this flimsy chimney of clay and sticks made endless threats to set afire the whole establish-

The youth was in a little trance of astonishment. So they were at last going to fight. On the morrow, perhaps, there was going to be a battle and he would be in it. For a time he was obliged to labor to make himself believe. He could not accept with assurance an omen that he was about to mingle in one of those great affairs of the earth.

He had, of course, dreamed of battles all of his life-of vague, bloody conflicts. In visions he had seen himself in many struggles that had thrilled him with their sweep and fire. But monotonous weeks of camp life had made him finally regard himself as merely a part of a vast blue demonstration. He had come prepared to devastate the enemy; instead, he was made to sit still in one place and try to keep warm during the winter. He decided then that war was a legend.

However, he was now told that he was going to fight. He was mutely astonished, and lay in his bunk trying to prove mathematically that he would not run. Here was a great problem. He was forced to admit that as far as war was concerned he knew nothing of

A little panie fear grew in his mind. As his imagination went forward to this fight, he saw hideous possibilities. He contemplated the lurking menaces of the close future and his mind failed in an effort to see himself standing stoutly in the midst of them.

He sprang from his bunk and began to pace nervously to and fro. "Good Lord, what's the

matter with me," he said in dismay. After a time the tall private through the hole. The loud young one followed. They

were wrangling. 'That's all HE SPRANG FROM HIS right," the tall soldier was saying as he entered. "You can believe me or not-just as you like.' His companion grunted stubbornly and said: "Well, you don't know every-

thing in the world, do you." The youth, pausing in his nervous walk, interrupted their quarrel. "Go-ing to be a battle, sure, is there, Jim?"

"Of course there is," said the tall soldier. Presently the youth asked: "How do you think the regiment will do?"

"Oh, they'll fight all right after they once get into it," said the other with cold judgment. "There's been heaps of fun poked at them because they are now, but they'll fight all right, I guess."
"Think any of the boys'll run?" per-

sisted the youth. "Oh, there may be a few of 'em run but there's them kind in every regiment, especially when they first goes

under fire," said the tall soldier, in a tolerant way. "The boys come of good stock and they'll fight all right after they once get dead into it." "Did you ever think you might run yourself, Jim?" remarked the youth,

thoughtfully.

The tall private waved his hand.
"Well," said he, profoundly, "I've thought it might get too hot for Jim Conklin in some of them scrimmages, and if a whole lot of the boys started to run why I s'pose I'd start and run. But if everybody was a-standing and fighting, why then I'd stand and fight, by

jiminy.' "Shucks!" snorted the loud private, seornfully. But the youth felt grateful for these words of his tall comrade. He had feared that all of the untried men felt a great and correct confidence. He was now in a measure reassured.

CHAPTER IL The next morning the youth discovared that his tall comrade had been the fast-flying messenger of a mistake. He felt, however, that his problem was in no wise lifted from him. There was on the contrary an irritating prolongation. The tale had created in him a great concern for himcelf. And now, with this newborn question in his mind, he was compelled to sink back into his old place as part of a blue demonstration.

For days he made ceaseless calculations, but they were all wondrously unsatisfactory. He found that he could establish nothing. Finally he concluded that the only way to prove himself was to go into the blaze and then, figuratively, to watch his legs to discover their merits and faults.

Meanwhile he continually tried to measure himself, by his comrades. The tall soldier, for one, gave him some assurance. This man's serene unconcern dealt him a measure of confidence, for he had known him from childhood, and from his intimate knowledge he did not see how this man could be capable of anything that was beyond him.

The youth would have liked to have discovered another who suspected himself. A sympathetic comparison of mental notes would have been a great joy to him. He occasionally tried to fathom a comrade with seductive sentences. He was afraid to make an open declaration of his condition, because it might place some unscrupulous confidant upon the high plane of the unconfessed. from which elevation he could be derided.

One morning, however, he found himself in the ranks of his prepared regiment. The men were whispering speculations and recounting the old rumors. In the gloom before the break of day, their uniforms glowed a deep purple hue. From across the river the red eyes were still peering. In the castern sky, there was a yellow patch like a rug laid for the feet of the coming sun. And against it, black and pattern-like, loomed the gigantic figure of the

colonel on a gigantic horse. From off in the darkness came the trampling of feet. The youth could occasionally see dark shadows that moved like monsters. The regiment stood at rost for what seemed a long time. The youth grew impatient. It was unendurable, the way these affairs were managed. He wondered how long they were to be kept waiting.

At last he heard from along the road at the foot of the hill the clatter of a horse's galloping hoofs. It must be the coming of orders. He bent forward, scarce breathing. The exciting clicketyclick as it grew louder and louder seemed to be beating upon his soul. Presently a horseman with jangling equipment drew rein before the colonel of the regiment. The two held a short, sharp-worded conversation. The men in the foremost ranks craned their necks.

As the horseman wheeled his animal and galloped away, he turned to shout over his shoulder: "Don't forget that box of cigars." The colonel mumbled in reply. The youth wondered what a box of eigars had to do with war.

A moment later the regiment went swinging off into the darkness. It was now like one of those moving monsters wending with many feet. The air was heavy and cold with dew. A mass of wet grass, marched upon, rustled like

There was an occasional flash and glimmer of steel from the backs of all these huge crawling reptiles. From the road, came crackings and grumblings as some surly guns were dragged

away. The men stumbled along still muttering speculations. There was a subdued debate. Once, a man fell down and as he reached for his rifle a comrade, unseeing, trod upon his hand. He of the injured fingers swore bitterly and aloud. A low, tittering laugh went

among his fellows.

Presently they passed into a road-way and marched along with easy strides. A dark regiment moved before them, and, from behind, also, came the tinkle of equipments on the

bodies of marching men. The rushing yellow of the developing day went on behind their backs. When the sun rays at last struck full and mellowingly upon the earth, the youth saw that the landscape was streaked with two long, thin, black columns, which disappeared on the brow of the hill in front and rearward vanished in a wood. They were like two serpents crawling from the cavern of the night.

The river was not in view. The tall soldier burst out in praise of what he thought to be his powers of perception. "Didn't I tell you?"

The youth took no part in them. As he walked along in careless line, he was engaged with his own eternal debate. He could not hinder himself from dwelling upon it. He was despondent and sullen and threw shifting glances about him. He looked ahead often expecting to hear from the advance the rattle of firing.

CHAPTER III.

When another night came, the columns, changed to purple streaks, filed across two pontoon bridges. A glaring fire wine-tinted the waters of the river. Its rays, shining upon the moving masses of troops, brought forth here and there sudden gleams of silver or gold. Upon the other shore, a dark and mysterious range of hills was curved against the sky. The insect

voices of the night sang solemnly. Presently, the army again sat down to think. The odor of the peaceful pines was in the men's nostrils. The sound of monotonous ax-blows rang through the forest and the insects nodding upon their perches, crooned like old women. The youth returned to his theory of a blue demonstration. One gray dawn, however, he was kicked in the leg by the tall soldier and

found himself running down a wood road in the midst of men who were panting from the first effects of speed. His canteen banged rhythmically upon his thigh and his haversack bobbed softly. His musket bounced a trifle from his shoulder at each stride and made his cap feel uncertain upon his head.

He thought the damp fog of early morning moved from the rush of a great body of troops. From the distance came a sudden spatter of firing. He was bewildered. As he ran with

his comrades he strenuously tried to think, but all he knew was that if he fell down those coming behind would tread upon him. All his faculties seemed to be needed to guide him over and past obstractions. He felt carried along by a mob.

The sun spread disclosing rays and, one by one, regiments burst into view like armed men just born of the earth. The youth perceived that the time had come. He was about to be measured. For a moment he felt in the face of his great trial like a babe. And the flesh over his heart seemed very thin. The regiment slid down a bank and

wallowed across a little stream. The mournful current moved slowly on and from the water, shaded black, some white bubble eyes looked at the men. As they climbed the hill on the further side artillery began to boom. Here the youth forgot many things as he felt a sudden impulse of curiosity. He scrambled up the bankwith a speed

Mere -The Co man. He expected a battle scene. There were some little fields girted and squeezed by a over the grass and in among

that could not

the tree trunks. HERE THE YOUTH FOR- he could see GOT MANY THINGS. knots and waving lines of skirmishers who were running hither and thither and firing at the landscape. A dark battle-line lay upon a sun-struck clearing that gleamed orange color. A flag fluttered.

Other regiments floundered up the bank. The brigade was formed in line of battle and, after a pause, started slowly through the woods in the rear of the receding skirmishers who were

view of the field rapidly faded to nothing. His curiosity was quite easily satisfied. If an intense scene had caught him with its wild swing as he came to the top of the bank he might have gone the top of the bank ne might have gone multi-advance upon nature.

Summer Complaints

Dysentery; Diarrhæa, reflect. He had time in which to wonder about himself and to attempt to probe his sensations. Absurd ideas took hold upon him.

He thought that he did not relish the He thought that he did not relish the landscape. It threatened him. A coldness swept over his back, and it is true that his trousers felt to him that they were no fit for his legs at all.

A house standing placidly in distant

A house standing placidly in distant fields had an ominous look. The shadows of the woods were formidable. He was certain that in this vista there lurked fierce-eyed hosts. The swift thought came to him that the generals did not know what they were about. It was all a trap. Suddenly those close forests would bristle with rifle barrels. Iron-like brigades would appear in the rear. They were all going to be sacrificed. The generals were stupids. The enemy would presently swallow the whole command. He glared about him, expecting to see the stealthy approach of his death.

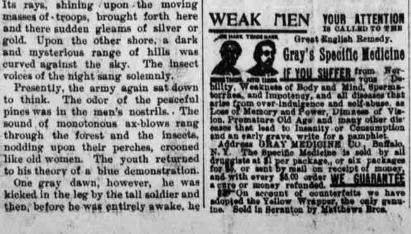
He thought that he must break from the ranks and harangue his comrades. They must not all be killed like pigs. And he was sure it would come to pass unless they were informed of these dangers. The generals were idiots to send them marching into a regular pen. There was but one pair of eyes in the corps. He would step forth and make a speech. Shrill and passionate words came to his lips.

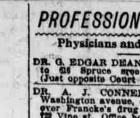
The line, broken into moving fragments by the ground, went calmly on through fields and woods. The youth looked at the men nearest him and saw, for the most part, expressions of deep interest as if they were investi-gating something that had fascinated them. One or two stepped with overvaliant airs as if they were aheady plunged into war. Others walked as upon thin ice. The greater part of the untested men appeared quiet and abuntested men appeared quiet and absorbed. They were going to look at war, the red animal, war, the bloodswellen god. And they were deeply BE SURE TO GET RADWAY'S. swollen god. And they were deeply

engrossed in this march. As he looked, the youth gripped his outcry at his throat. He saw that even if the men were tottering with fear, they would laugh at his warning. They would jeer him, and if practicable pelt him with missiles. Admitting that he might be wrong, a frenzied declamation of the kind would turn him into a worm.

He assumed, then; the demeanor of one who knows that he is doomed alone, to unwritten responsibilities. He lagged, with tragic glances at the

TO BE CONTINUED.





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of the receding skirmishers who were continually melting into the scene to appear again further on. They were always busy as bees, deeply absorbed in their little combats.

The youth tried to observe everything. He did not use care to avoid trees and branches, and his forgotten feet were constantly knocking against stones or getting entangled in briars. He was aware that these battalions with their commotions were woven red and starting into the gentle fabric of softened greens and browns. It looked to be a wrong place for a battle-field.

The skirmishers in advance fascinated him. Their shots into thickets and at distant and prominent trees spoke to him of tragedies, hidden, mysterious, solemn.

During this march, the ardor which the youth had acquired when out of view of the field rapidly faded to nothing. His curiosity was quite easily satisfied. If an intense scene had caught

Cholera Morbus

half to a temspoonful of Ready Relief a half tumbler of water, repeated as

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Trains leave Scranton for Pitiston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at \$20, 9.15, 11.30 a.m., 12.45, 2.00, 3.05, 5.00, 7.25, 11.05 p.m. Sundays, 9.00 a.m., 100, 2.15, 7.19 p.m.

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For Atlantic City, 8.29 g.m.

For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8.20 (express) a.m., 12.45 (express with Buffet parlor car), 3.05 (express) p.m. Sundays, 2.15 p.m.

For Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia, 8.20 a.m., 12.45, 3.05, 5.09 (except Philadelphia) p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m.

For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8.20 a.m., 12.45 p.m.

For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.20 a.m., 12.45 p.m.

For Pottsville, 8.29 a.m., 12.45 p.m.

Returning, leave New York, foot of Liberty street, North river, at 9.10 (express) a.m., 110, 1.30, 4.30 (express with Buffet parlor car) p.m. Sunday, 4.30 p.m.

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For Farview, Waymart and Honesdale at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20 and 5.15 p.m.

For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondacks For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 5.45 a.m. and 2.20 p.m.

For Wilkes-Barre and intermediate ants at 7.45, 8.45, 9.38 and 10.45 a.m., 12.05, 120, 2.35, 4.60, 5.10, 6.05, 9.15 and 11.38 p.m.

Trains will arrive at Scranton station from Carbondale and intermediate points at 7.40, 8.40, 9.34 and 10.40 a.m., 12.00, 1.17,2.34, 3.40, 4.54, 5.55, 7.45, 6.11 and 11.33 p.m.

From Honesdale, Waymart and Farview at 9.34 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 3.40, 5.55 and 7.45 p.m. 7.45 p.m. From Montreal, Saratoga, Albany, etc., at 4.54 and 11.33 p.m. From Wilkes-Harre and intermediate points at 2.15, 8.04, 10.05 and 11.55 a.m., 1.16, 2.14, 3.39, 5.10, 6.08, 7.20, 9.03 and 11.16 p.m.

Nov. 18, 1834.

Train leaves Scranton for Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38 and 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.90, 8.08, 11.29 a.m., and 1.30 p.m. Leave Scranton for Pittston and Wilkes-Barre, via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.29 a.m., 3.59, 6.97, 8.50 p.m.

Leave Scranton for White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville and all points on the Beaver Meadow and Pottsville branches, via E. & W. V. R. R., 6.40 a.m., via D. & H. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 4.60 p.m., via D. L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 130, 350 p.m. D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.3 3.50 p.m. Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easter

Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 4.00, 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05 and 11.35 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08, 9.55 a.m., 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 13.5 Il.38 p.m., via D. I. & W. R. R. and Pittston Junction, 8.08, 9.55 a.m., 1.30, 8.50 p.m., via E. & W. V. R. R., 3.41 p.m.

For Elmira and the west via Salamanca, via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 6.05 p.m., via D. & W. R. R., 8.08, 9.55 a.m., 1.30, and 6.07 p.m.

and 6.07 p.m. Pullman parlor and sleeping or L. V. Chair cars on all trains between L. & B. Junction or Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Suspension Bridge,
ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt.
CHAS. S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Phila., Pa.
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen.
Pass. Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa.

Del., Lack. and Western. Trains leave Scranton as follows: Ex-press for New York and all points East, 140, 250, 5.15, 8.90 and 9.55 a.m.; 12.55 and 3.50

1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.90 and 9.55 a.m.; 12.55 and 3.50 p.m.

Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the south, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m., 12.55 and 3.50 p.m.

Washington and way stations, 3.55 p.m.
Tobyhanna accommodation, 5.10 p.m.
Express for Binghamton, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12.10, 2.35 a.m. and 1.24 p.m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Bath accommodation, 9 a.m.
Binghamton and way stations, 12.37 p.m.
Nicholson accommodation, at 5.15 p.m.
Binghamton and Elmira Express, 6.05 p.m.

Binghamton and Elmira Express, 6.05 p.m.
Express for Cortland, Syracuse, Oswego Utica and Richfield Springs, 2.35 a.m. and 1.24 p.m.
Ithaca, 2.35 and Bath 9 a.m. and 1.24 p.m.
For Northumberland, Pitiston, Wilkesbarre, Plymouth, Bioomsburg and Danville, making close connections at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washingten and the South, Northumberland and Intermediate stations, 6.09, 9.55 a.m. and 1.39 and 6.07 p.m.
Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8.08 and 11.29 a.m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3.50 and 8.52 p.m.
Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains
For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office, 328 Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.



SCRANTON DIVISION. In Effect Sept. 16th, 1894.

Trains Daily.

1202 204 206

North Bound.

205 203 201

Arrive Leave N Y Franklin St West 42nd St Weehawken Arrive Leave lancock June Hancock Starlight Preston Park 7 45 12 40 ... 7 88 12 45 ... 7 33 12 18 ... 7 22 12 03 ... 7 19 f1159 ... 7 08 11 49 A M 6 51 11 31 9 15 6 48 f1130 9 12 Como Poyntelle Belmont Pleasant Mt. Uniondale
Forset City
Carbondale
White Bridge
Mayfield
Jermyn
Archibald
Winton
Peckville
Oiyphaut
Incisson
Throop
Providence
Park Place
Scrauton

sengers.
Secure rates via Ontario & Western before purchasing tickets and save money. Day and Night Express to the West.
J. C. Anderson, Gen. Pass. Agt.
T. Filteroft, Div. Pass. Agt., Scranton, Pa.

Eric and Wyoming Valley. Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on the Erie railroad at 6.35 a.m. and 324 p.m. Also for Honesdale. Hawley and local points at 6.35 9.5 a.m., and 3.24 p.m.

All the above are through trains to and from Honesdale.

Trains leave for Wilkes-Barre at 6.40 a.m. and 3.41 p.m. AMUSEMENTS.

THE FROTHINGHAM

DIRECT FROM N. Y. CASINO CANARY AND LEDERER'S

Co'ossal Comedy Organization,

110-PEOPLE-110 ΓΗΕ PASSING SHOW

One Night, and That's All.

L'Enfant Prodigue Ballet. Canary and Lederer's Pickaninnies. The Splendid Specialties. TANNHAUSER. (ALL AR FAUST. IL TROVATORE, IL PAGLIACCI. Vernona Jarbeau. John E. Henshaw, John E. Henshaw, Lucy Daly. Charles J. Ross, Jessie Carlisle. George A. Schiller, Madge Lessing, William Cameron, Sylvia Thorne, Gus Pixley, La Petite Adelaide, E. S. Tarr, May Ten Broeck. THE GREATEST GOMPANY OF ARTISTS EVER ENGAGED IN THE INTERPRETATION OF A OF A LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

"A Good Thing"

3 CARLOADS "Push It Along" OF SCENERY Prices, \$1.50, \$1, 75a., 50c.; Gallery, 25a.

Sale of seats commences Friday, Nov. 30, at the box office.

A CADEMY OF MUSIC TUESDAY, DEC, 4.

The Distinguished American Artiste

CARRIE TURNER And Her Superb Dramatic Company, Pre senting the Great Dramatic Masterpiece

THE PLAYERS: Edgar L. Davenport, Eugene Ormende, Joseph E. Whiting, Herbert Ayling, Carrie Radeliffe, Jean Chamblin, Sydney Cowell, Carrie Knowles. Eugene Ormonde, Joseph E. Whiting, Herbert Ayling, Hawley Francks, Sale of seats opens Saturday, Dec. 1.

THE FROTHINGHAM NIGHT. WED. DEC. 5. NIGHT GEORGE LEAROCK, in His Own Ver-

Supported by an Efficient Company. Seven Special Sets of Scenery. Elaborate Electric Effects.
The Weird Brocken Scene.

The Rain of Fire

This is the most complete production of 'Faust' in America today. Sale of seats Monday, Dec. 3. Regular prices

A CADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE TWO JOHNS COMEDY COMPAN INTRODUCING

JOHN C. STEWART AND JOHN HART. THE TWO ORIGINALS. Have Reunited After a Separation of

BIGGER, BRIGHTER, BETTER THAN EVER. Sale of seats opens Monday, Dec. 3.

Many Years.

European Plan. First-class Bar at-tached. Depot for Bergner & Engle's

Tannhaeuser Beer. N. E. Cor. 15th and Filbert Sts., Phila. Most desirable for residents of N. E. Pennsylvania. All conveniences for travelers to and from Broad Street station and the Twelfth and Market Street station. Desirable for visiting Scrantonians and people in the Ambaratic Performance.

T. J. VICTORY,

PROPRIETOR.

DAVIS' THEATER

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 3, 4 and 5, AFTERNOON AND EVENING, The New York Comedy Success.

CIRCUS GIRL Greatest Farce-Comedy ever written, and will be presented here in the same elaborate form that signalized its brilliant engagement in New York, Boston, Chicugo, etc. Headed by New York's Favorite. Miss Maud Craig.

Assisted by the Greatest Gathering High Class COMEDIANS, SINGERS, DANCERS, INSTRUMENTALISTS AND PRETTY GIRLS. ADMISSION, 10, 20 OR 30 CENTS Two performances daily at 2.30 and 8.15 p.m.

CLEARING SALE OF BICYCLES

Next Attraction. "True Irish Hearts."

1 Youth's Bicycle, Pneumatic Tire, new.
2 Victor B Bicycles, Pneumatic Tire, second hand.

1 Victor B Bicycle, Pneumatic Tire, new
1 Secure B cycle, Pneumatic Tire, new
1 Secure B cycle, Pneumatic Tire, second-hand.

1 Lovel Diamond Bicycle, Solid Tire, second-hand.

1 Ladies Bicycle, Solid Tire, second-hand.

2 Victor A Bicycles, Solid Tire, second-hand.

Lawn Tennis Racquets at a dis-count of one-third for two weeks.

Come Early for Bargains.

J. D. WILLIAMS & BRO

314 LACKAWANNA AVE.

1 Victor C Bicycle, 1% in, cushion Tire, second band second-hand...

1 Victor B Bicycle, 114 in. Cushion Tire, second-hand... 1 Chainless Bicycle, Pneumatic Tire,